

BLACK TAIL

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GODDESSES
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02

FOR ADULTS OVER THE AGE OF 18

BLACK TALES

If you'd like to drop us a line, write to: *Black Tail*, 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, NY 10013.

JUGGS FOR HARD-ONS

Black Tail is my favorite magazine, but you really outdid yourself with Vol. 4, No. 1. "Busty and Lusty" Charisma really turned my crank, but I bet the dreamy honey looked great even before her fit job. She's got the face of an angel and the kind of ass you only see in wet dreams. What nature gave her doesn't need any improvement.

I think the hottest dish in the book, though, was Jena. It got me hot to look at her semi-shaved pussy and the way her dark nipples stood out on her round mocha breasts. Jena looks like she has some Indian blood in her. Very exotic, indeed!

Pauly
Springfield, IL



FOREVER LUSTY

I can't imagine juicy Doris ever looking old [BT V4, N1]. I respect, though, that she works hard at looking good, but she shouldn't worry about the future. I'm sure Doris will be as hot at forty or fifty as she is now.

I brought the magazine to work and some shaved beaver freak tore the pages



of Ricki out when I wasn't looking. I can't say I blame whoever it was. The way she was oiling up her bottom could have driven me to do something desperate, too.

Wally
Madison, WI

A BABE TO WORSHIP

If Lavern in *Black Tail*, Vol. 4, No. 1



wants total adoration, she can have it from me. I'd crawl naked down Sunset Boulevard if she would let me lick her quim. She admits to being conceited, but she has a lot to be conceited about. And I'm sure she is one helluva lay. Please print more pictures of lusty Lavern soon.

Richie
Los Angeles, CA

JAILHOUSE COCK

Since I'm in prison, your magazine really helps me late at night when I need to release the built-up tension. I'm 24 and white, and I never lusted for a black girl until I started reading *Black Tail*.

I masturbated every night until a month ago when I got caught by a new weekend guard, a tall, big-boned black lady about fifteen years older than me. She wasn't no beauty queen, but she sure did fill out her uniform. But I've been here thirteen months and any kind of female could have made my cock rise to its full eight inches.

As I was stroking my pud, almost ready to cum, a light flashed on and there she was, standing in front of my cell and licking her big, juicy lips. "Don't let me stop you, white boy," she said, and I dropped your magazine. Looking her straight in the face, I shot a big load of cum in the air. She watched me cum until my balls were empty, then walked away.

It was three weeks before I saw the guard again. One night last weekend, about three A.M., she opened my cell door and told me to get dressed fast and not to make a sound. I jumped out of bed and put on my sweats, then followed her down the back staircase to a utility closet. When we were alone inside the small room, the guard said, "Take out that white meat, boy."

When I dropped my sweat pants, my cock was already hard. First she stroked my prick with her hand, then got to her knees and started giving me head. I tried to make it last, but my cock was touching her tonsils and I hadn't had sex in so long, the cum just burst out of me. After she drank all my stuff, she wiped her lips and said, "I love fresh cum from young white guys like you, but now it's your turn to show me what you can do."

The guard stripped down to her panties and bra. The hard, coal-black nipples on her 38Ds were begging to be sucked and I went crazy sucking them

BLACK TAIL



XXX-INTERVIEW!
DOMINIQUE
SIMONE'S
CANDID
COMMENTS!



until she pushed me to my knees. Then she sat her fat ass on the sink and spread her legs. I jammed my face between them and licked her pussy through her panties. Then she pushed my head away and pulled down the panties saying, "Make me fill good."

This woman had the hairiest, curliest bush I'd ever seen. I spread apart her thick pussy lips and licked up and down her mature black cunt. Then I worked my tongue as deep into her hole as it would go. When I sucked her big, black clitty, she tugged on my long hair and started to moan. She was mine now!

After I made her cum with my mouth, the guard stood up and said she had to have my cock inside her. She grabbed my cock and slipped it into her pussy, and it was the hottest, juiciest pussy I'd ever had my cock in.

I fucked her in long, slow strokes and she worked her pussy just right. We were so good together, it was incredible. Then she groaned and said, "Yes, yes, yes! Give it to me hard!" I fucked her hard like she wanted it and she continued having

she slapped me on the back of the head.

"I supposed you think that should flatter me," she said, and I told her, yeah, I did.

"How'd you like it if I compared notes with my girlfriends?" she asked.

"I wouldn't mind," I said. "I'll come out on top."

"Well, we'll see," my girl answered.

I didn't know what she had in mind and then I forgot about it. I was reminded a week later, however, when I bumped into Tisha, my girl's best friend, who also happens to be Dale's girlfriend.

"Anita tells me you wanted me to know you've got a big dick," Tisha said.

"What?" I blustered.

"Yeah," she said, "but I like to learn these things for myself."

I figured it was some kind of a test she and Anita dreamed up. I wasn't about to fall into some kind of trap. "I'm sorry, but you'll just have to take Anita's word," I told her.

"Maybe," was Tisha's response to that.

That night, I went over to Anita's and she was all dolled up. "Going somewhere?" I asked.

have in mind?" I asked Dale.

"I just found out," he said. He was grinning from ear to ear.

Well, the swap came off. And we didn't even have to drink much wine to loosen up. Once we were all naked, my eyes darted from Anita's dark ripe body to Tisha's lighter, but equally supple form. So far, the two women were both cock raisers. At least, Dale and I got it up to a hurry.

I didn't want to make the first move, so I let Dale do it. He didn't waste much time. He was on my girlfriend in a flash and she opened her legs right up for him. That made it easy for me to pull Tisha into my arms, and she made it easy for me to start playing with her tits and pussy. In the tit department, Tisha had it over Anita.



climaxes until I shot my load inside her.

After that, we dressed real fast and she got me back to my cell. I've got another year to go in prison, but it won't be so bad with my black and lusty older woman!

Edwin, Address Withheld

FOUR-WAY FUCKATHON

I was bragging to my friend, Dale, about how hot my woman is. He said his woman is hotter. "No way," I said, but I was curious. I would have suggested a swap, but I didn't think my girlfriend would go for it, or his. I knew he would, though, because Dale cheats on his girl all the time.

I told my girl what I'd said to Dale and

"We're having company," she said, and I noticed a bottle of wine chilling in an ice bucket on the coffee table.

"Oh, yeah, who?" I asked.

"Tisha and Dale," she said, then asked, "Did you ever consider that a little friendly swapping might be fun? Then you and Dale would know which woman is really hotter."

It had to be a test, I thought. This was too good to be true. "No," I lied, "I never thought about that."

I was saved by the bell. Tisha and Dale arrived and Tisha was decked out in the hottest outfit I'd ever seen her in. I almost asked her what street corner she was working, but bit my tongue.

"Do you know what these crazy dames

But don't get me wrong; my girlfriend's black boobies suit me fine. And her nipples are bigger than Tisha's.

Up until then, I thought this whole thing was happening so that Dale and I could judge which woman was hotter. Then something my girlfriend said made me realize the two devious chicks were playing a game of their own.

"I told you my boyfriend's cock was bigger than Dale's. I could tell by the way he packs his pants."

"Yeah, but Dale's cock is uncut and that counts for a lot."

"You're rating us?" I asked Anita.

"Yeah," she said. "You're not the only one who is curious."

After we swapped partners, Anita and

Tisha did a girl-girl thing that got Dale and I excited again. But the next fuck was with our own steadies. I don't think we're going to swap again. Too risky. I don't want to lose my girl. But it was wild and we all enjoyed the novelty of fucking another and watching each other get off.

Norman
Bronx, NY

CREAM OF THE CROP

I have read a whole lot of adult magazines, black and white, and they all

a camera today and I'm working on what I'm going to say to my girlfriend to convince her to let me enter her nude photos. My girl is beautiful—dark chocolate with blue eyes, very striking—and I'm sure you're going to want to print her pictures. I'm not even going to do it for the money, though fifty bucks is nothing to sneeze at in my income bracket.

Duke
Detroit, MI

then she sucks mine. After that, we finger each other's pussy and then rub our slits together. I bet that would really be exciting.

Once I rubbed my pussy on a full-page photo of a wet cunt in *Black Tail* and dripped cunt oil on it. I wiped it with a paper towel and hoped that my boyfriend wouldn't know the color washed off a little. He didn't, but when he was looking at the magazine later that night and got to that page, I saw him



are good. But only one can be the best and in my book, that's *Black Tail*!

I never jerk off when I look at other magazines, but I always do when I read yours. My reader's survey is enclosed and you'll see I rated *Black Tail* a "10"!

Richard W.
Milwaukee, WI

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST FEVER

Finally! An amateur photo contest in *Black Tail*. It's about time, because I know this is nothing new for other Leisure Plus magazines. I went out and bought myself

BISEXUAL VOYEUR

My boyfriend doesn't know it, but when he's out, I sneak a peak at his *Black Tail* magazines.

I've never made it with another woman, but I have always wanted to. Maybe someday I will, but meanwhile I like to look at the pictures in *Black Tail* and masturbate. Sometimes I lick the pussies in the magazine and that always makes me cum.

My fantasies are always the same. One of your models shakes her tits in my face and asks me to suck them. I do and



wrinkle his nose.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you think she's good-looking?"

"She is," he said. "But I swear I can smell her cunt."

I didn't say anything, but I was dying to tell him that it was my pussy he was smelling.

Janet
Elizabeth, NJ

NEWS FOR OLIVIA FANS

One thing I look forward to in every issue of *Black Tail* is the Olivia comics. I carefully tear out each strip and keep them all together in one book. It occurs to me that it would be nice to be able to buy Olivia comic books in my adult bookstore. Can I?

Ed F.
Boston, MA

Yes you can! *The Original Olivia* #1 is published by Five Star Comics, Inc., and sells for \$2.95 plus \$1.00 postage. Adults Only! For an illustrated catalog of more adult comics and cartoons, send \$2.00 and a signed age statement to: Five Star Comics, Inc., P.O. Box 75, West Point, MS 39773-9998.

LEND STROKES



"I'd rather blow a man than fuck him. There's something extra raunchy about having a cock in my mouth. Maybe it gives me a feeling of power. Or maybe it's just the taste of jizz I like. I'm not sure the reason, but sucking is what I do best."

"If a guy's not too big, like ten inches or more, I'll suck him to the root, then lick his balls while his cockhead is in my throat. And I love it when the guy goes crazy on me and bangs my face and talks dirty to me. 'Swallow my load, slut,' are the words I long to hear."

"My girlfriends think I'm mad, but I think they're just selfish. They don't mind having their pussies eaten, but when it comes to sucking cock, they say 'Ew, not me!' Of course, I get more dates than they do and I don't mind being popular just because I'm such a great cocksucker. I love the taste of jizz and I swear that's where I get all my energy from!"

**While Vanna plows her pussy,
she talks about all the men
she's blown!**



**"You can put your cock in
my pussy if you want, but
please, please let me
swallow your jism!"**







**"When I do fuck, I prefer to
be on top!"**







**"I've never licked a twat, but
I think I'd like to try!"**

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There's a really good-looking hunk who lives next door to Ramona and late at night when he's in his bedroom with the lights on, Ramona watches him jerk off. "He's got an 8-inch dick with the cutest mushroom head and when he wanks it up and down, thick cream leaks out. My hand automatically goes between my legs and when he shoots his load, I cream all over my fingers."

Twice, Ramona saw the stud with a woman and he fucked her pussy doggy-style. Romana was sur-

prised he didn't hear her moaning when she shoved a dildo up her cunt and pretended she was with him instead of the blonde. "I'm going to leave a copy of *Black Tail* in his mailbox with my telephone number scrawled across one of the nasty photos. If that doesn't bring him to me, I guess I'm gonna have to go over to his place and bust down the door."

Looking at these photos, we think we know what's going to happen. It's too bad for the blonde, but Ramona's going to be plenty happy!

V EX

A peeper reve



YOUR POSED!

...s her role and flashes gash!





"I'd rather fuck than masturbate, but, hey, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do!"





***"If this banana was a cock,
I'd suck it dry!"***



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SPANISH SINDERELLA

Half-Latino, half-black,
Rosita, is a mocha beauty
who'll blow your mind—
and a few other things!



Like the true Cinderella story, Rosita was treated like the ugly stepsister in her hometown in Texas. "My father remarried after my mom died, and the woman he married had two fat, homely daughters. They just didn't take to me too well."

Can't imagine why! Anyway, Rosita decided to make a break and start a new life. She saved up enough money to fly to New York. There she was signed by an international modeling agency. They got her so much work in Europe that she's now living life in the fast lane—based in Florence, Italy.

This transplanted sexpot enjoys life in Europe very much. Her exotic good looks gain her entree to all the best parties and her free time consists of men, men and more men!

"European men have a far different sexual attitude," says Rosita. "They're not as uptight as Americans. I've learned to be totally uninhibited in bed. I know that I don't have to be ashamed of my body and that there's nothing wrong in experimenting sexually."

Living the *Dolce Vita* lifestyle is much to Rosita's liking. And yes, she's been to some wild, wild parties, where outrageous acts of sex occurred right in front of her eyes.

"I've seen a lot," admits Rosita, "far more than if I'd stayed back home. "Yes, I've been with two guys at once, mad love to another woman, and even danced naked all night long at one Eurotrash bash." She smiles. "But basically, you know, it's all new and exciting to me. After a year or so of this, I just might want to go back to Texas and settle down as a little old housewife."

She laughs as she caresses one creamy breast. "Just don't bet on it!"





**"When I'm hungry
for cock—I've got
to get laid!"**

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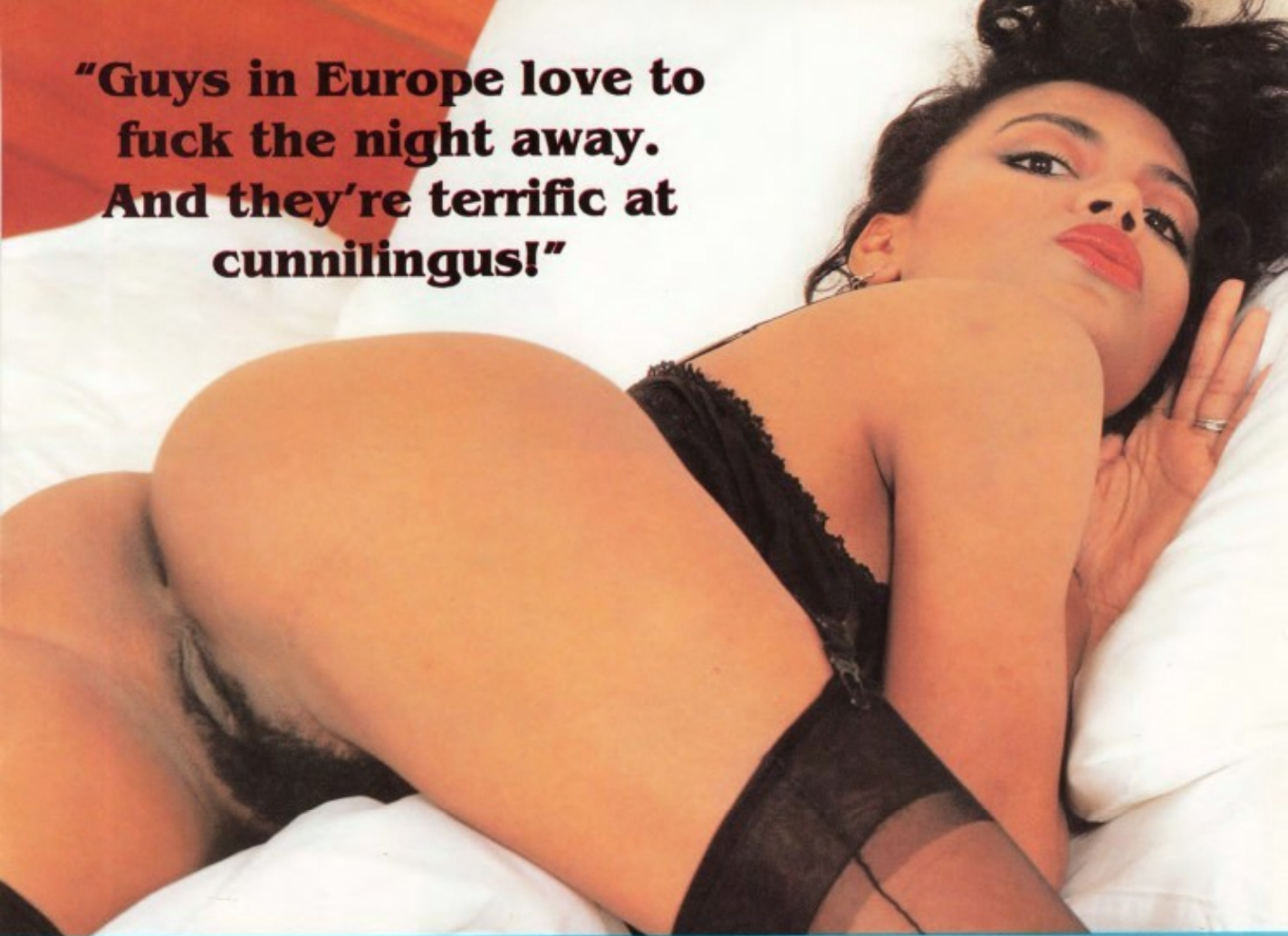
Charisma wants more, more, more!

90 HYPOCHONDRIA—A CRY FOR HELP

This age-old condition costs us billions annually!



**"Guys in Europe love to
fuck the night away.
And they're terrific at
cunnilingus!"**





**"Ready to
fuck me? I'd
like that!"**



**"My attitude is
that doing
things a little
kinky never hurt
anyone!"**



BREAST FRIENDS

A lewd peek at a pair of interracial muff-divers!

"Oh, Lola, I could lick your black slit all day and night. It's so yummy."

"Go ahead, honey, I won't stop you. But how about giving me a taste of your vanilla cream. I'm just dying for something sweet and delicious."

When Robin twists her sleek, pink body around and lowers her cunt onto Lola's face, the moans really start.

"Finger me while you eat me, sugar... yeah, like that. Oh, you're gonna make me cum."

After the sixty-nine comes the cuddling. Robin basks in afterglow while Lola pets her hairless mound. "I don't know if you shaved your cunt for me, but I like it a lot. Let's bang boxes. I bet that'll get us off again."

No sooner than the words are spoken, the girls are at it once more!





**"Hot damn! Your tits
excite my tongue!"**





**"Let's not stop until we
both cum!"**





XTASY GIRL

Alana escorts her dates to Paradise!

THE BLACK GODDESSES OF *Jazz*

Four red-hot mamas take turns tooting one musician's studly horn!

By Wynn Davis

Delilah emerged from the smoky haze of the late night jazz club like a figure from a dream. A pair of thin spaghetti straps were all that held her silver bugle bead dress on her slim, graceful body. Her dark hair was piled high in an elaborate coiffure that focused attention first on her black, twinkling eyes and then on her full, voluptuous lips. The dark skin on her bare arms glistened as if recently oiled in sweat...or, quite possibly, cunt cream. When Delilah moved near, my nostrils dilated. I retained my breath a long minute as I luxuriated in the musky scent of her delectable flesh.

"Good evening, Wynn," she said, smiling sensuously. Wynn is a stage name, the only name she knows for me. Of course, I don't seriously suppose that Delilah is her real name when she goes home and takes off the bugle bead dress. "Slipping away early?"

"Just taking a break," I replied.

She glanced about the quiet alley behind the club. It's more scenic than it sounds thanks to the abundant ivy that curls over the old brick wall. It was midnight and the full moon was almost directly overhead. Under the moonlight, Delilah's brown skin was bathed in silver even when she lifted her dress over her head. "Take your break with me, Wynn," she purred.

Her nipples pointed straight for my chest. Her clitoris peeped out of her brush cut pussy hair. Some people call such women groupies and accuse them of

sleeping with musicians only to rack up a list of names on a score card. I have to disagree. No woman is more sincere about her sexuality than a woman who deliberately seeks out the man of her fantasies. There was no place for lies or secrets when Delilah stood naked in the moonlight outside the club where I'd just finished playing the first set. Her body trembled with open desire as I moved forward to embrace her.

I didn't remove my own clothes. I didn't have that much time for I'd have to return for the second set. Besides, I knew that Delilah would enjoy the feel of my expensive clothing rustling against her bare skin as we made love. A musician can't dress like any man on the street, not if he wants to be noticed. The expensive, pre-aged faded silk of my black suit made the fine hair on the back of her arms stand up when I brushed into her smooth flesh. The hard-on sticking out of my fly felt even harder in contrast to the costly fabric that surrounded it.

Delilah bent to suck me. No matter how little time I have, I can't convince the goddesses of jazz to keep their lips off my tool. Not that I've really tried...Delilah's deft mouth was one of the best. She puckered expressively, easily shaping her lips until they were just a fraction too small for my plump erection. The friction thus generated was a killer, a very pleasant killer. I can usually take my blow jobs standing firm, but my hips twitched against her face a time or two before I stopped them. Her talented tongue knew

tricks so nasty that I have to believe that it was double-jointed. I balled my hands into two tight fists as Delilah silkily dribbled hot saliva up and down the length of my shaft.

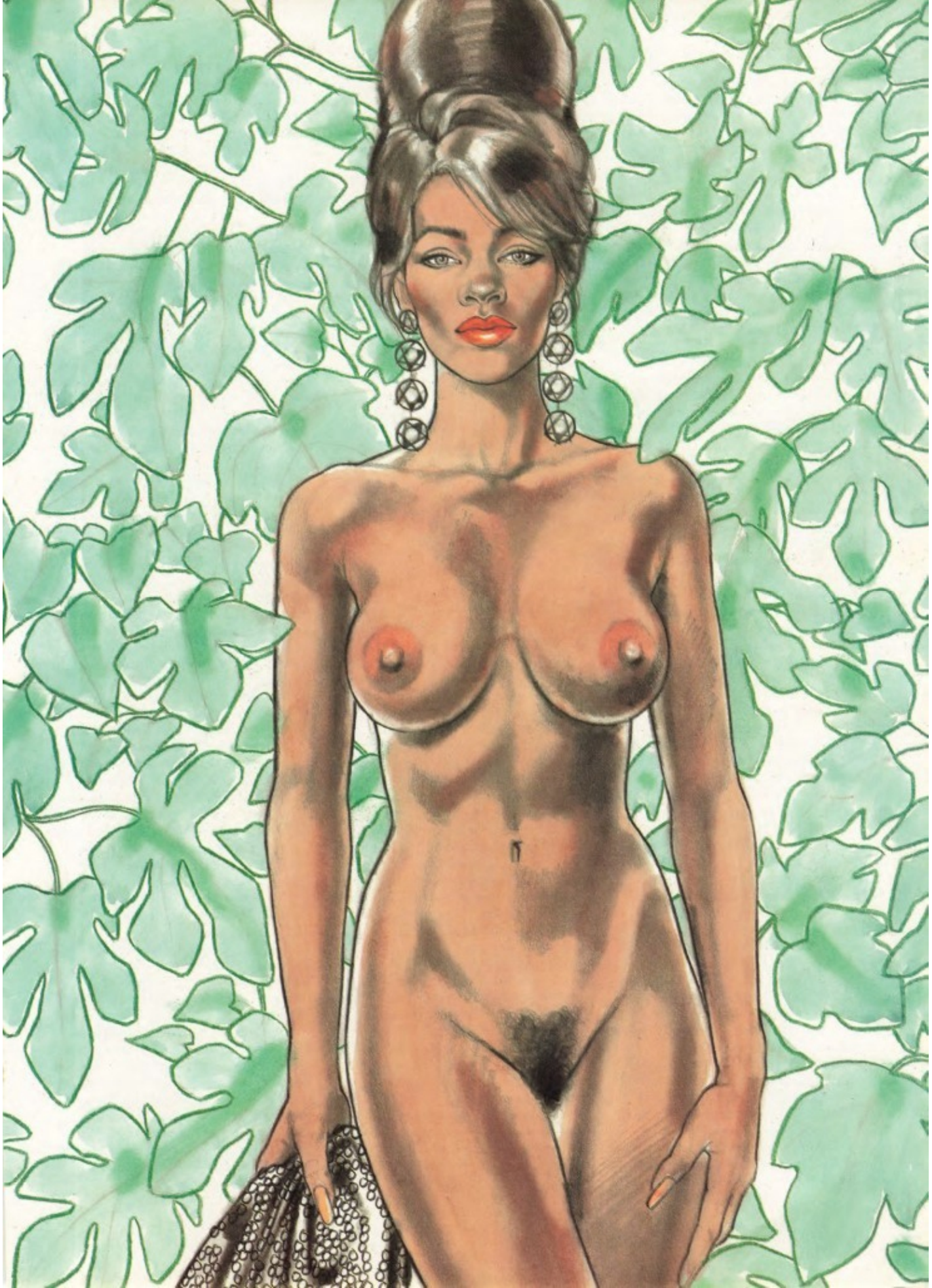
I don't know where I found the willpower to pull myself out of those inspired lips. But suddenly I was doing it so that I could push Delilah back against the nearest wall. She sighed and braced her bare black fanny against the ivy-covered brick. "Can you take me standing?" she whispered. "A man has to have a good bit of strength to do it that way."

A man also has to have a good bit of strength to make it in the competitive world of jazz. All strength isn't purely physical, you know. There's also a psychological component best described as pure will. I enthusiastically accepted Delilah's challenge, bending at the knees just enough to position the head of my dick underneath her velvety pussy. Her round tits rolled against my chest as I held myself there for a moment.

"I can take you any way you want it, lover," I told her.

"Then do it!" she moaned. "Fuck me here and now while I'm burning up for it!"

My cock lifted upward like my balls were hot air balloons. They felt almost as big, especially when I was being stimulated by a lovely she-demon like Delilah. I thrust between her damp cunt lips and into the small, twitching entrance. Slick cunt syrup poured down my shaft



and onto my nuts, anointing them with a thick layer of sticky goo. We came together, Delilah actually shivering into orgasm a moment before I did. And then we were shaking in unison, our bodies trembling to the original rhythm. A man and a woman locked together in lust is the first and foremost form of music.

The way I blew my horn during the second set was a tribute to how Delilah's smooth skin had felt sliding underneath my lips. I was only dimly aware of the audience and the other musicians. I was the music, the inspiration as well as the inspired. The club walls rattled from the storm of applause that came when we'd finished.

There were three girls waiting in the dressing room afterward. Security must have gotten sloppy—they usually send me no more than one—or else maybe they'd decided I'd earned something extra. I wasn't apt to complain. These three beautiful black women could have been fashion models or actresses if they'd lived in New York or Hollywood, and they had the wardrobes to prove it. The tallest and most svelte of the three, who introduced herself as Storm, wore a sky-blue satin slip that showed more skin than it concealed. Her soft lips brushed against my face when I took her into my arms.

The girl with the big watermelon tits wore white spandex. The material stretched and strained enough to show the dark skin underneath those proud, overly generous tits. Her name was Carol. I found that name easier to believe than Storm or Delilah, if it matters. I paused in Storm's arms and watched over the tall girl's slim shoulders as well-endowed Carol slithered out of her spandex. There had been no room for underwear beneath that tight fabric, so I wasn't surprised to see she wasn't wearing any. The bare, shaved pussy lips, however, were a surprise that delighted me more than words can say.

The third girl, a petite lady with a wicked mouth, wore a red leather bustier and matching miniskirt. The leather was stiff and new, which made it easy to look down her top to see the firm curves of her high boobs. "I'm Lorraine," she said as she thoughtfully rolled up the stiff hemline of her short skirt. A sexy perfume wafted up from her bare thighs as she proved that she, too, had left underwear at home.

"Pleased to meet you, Lorraine," I stammered. "Pleased to meet all of you."

My private dressing room was really too crowded for four people, but Carol had already removed her dress and, well, I was already getting achingly hard again. Delilah was a dim memory now. The three girls crowded in on me, peeling me deftly out of my clothes. You'd expect

them to get in each other's way, but they didn't. Perhaps they'd shared other musicians before. No matter. I was tonight's main course, which is all that was really important.

Musicians are more dedicated and more coordinated than other men. We understand the principle of practice, practice, practice. I dare say that handling three hot tomatoes like Storm, Carol and Lorraine would have exhausted many other guys. It was quite a challenge even for me. Although I was moving my mouth more athletically than when I blew my horn, I didn't allow myself to weary. The opportunity to sample all three of these lovely ladies was something I wouldn't allow myself to destroy.

All four of us were soon completely naked, not just Carol. I think Storm kept on her high heels, but that was just to emphasize how much taller she was than the other two girls. I don't wear much

While my tongue dipped into Lorraine's silky gash, I masturbated Carol and Storm.

stage make-up, but a box of transparent powder did get knocked on the floor when Lorraine planted her sweet, petite butt on my vanity table. Her thighs spread themselves wide in silent invitation. I hurriedly squatted between her knees and applied my tongue to the silkiness of her quivering pussy. Lorraine groaned in pleasure as my nose dug into her slit. I didn't have total control of what my mouth was doing, because I was simultaneously trying to masturbate Carol and Storm's wet pussies with either hand.

Carol was almost too responsive. But that's often the case with top heavy girls. I wasn't thrown offbeat when her pliable pussy began to contract in frenzied waves around my fingers. "I'm cumming," she announced, quite unnecessarily. "God, can you feel how hard I'm cumming?" Of course I could, as could the other two girls. Carol's spasmodic twitches triggered something deep inside of me. Causing me to diddle Storm and suck Lorraine in the best possible way to bring them up to speed. A minute after Carol's announcement, all three girls were exploding together. Lorraine came so hard that she smeared a thick layer of pussy syrup all over my lips and chin.

I yearned to bury my cock in warm, black flesh, but I was hesitant to choose just one of the beautiful ladies. So I waited for Storm to take the lead. She

rolled our clothes into loose pillows that she put here and there on the dressing room floor. Then she pulled me down onto my back. "I don't want you to worry about falling, Wynn," she murmured. "You'll have all you can think about just thinking about pussy. So you just spread yourself out there on the floor and get comfy."

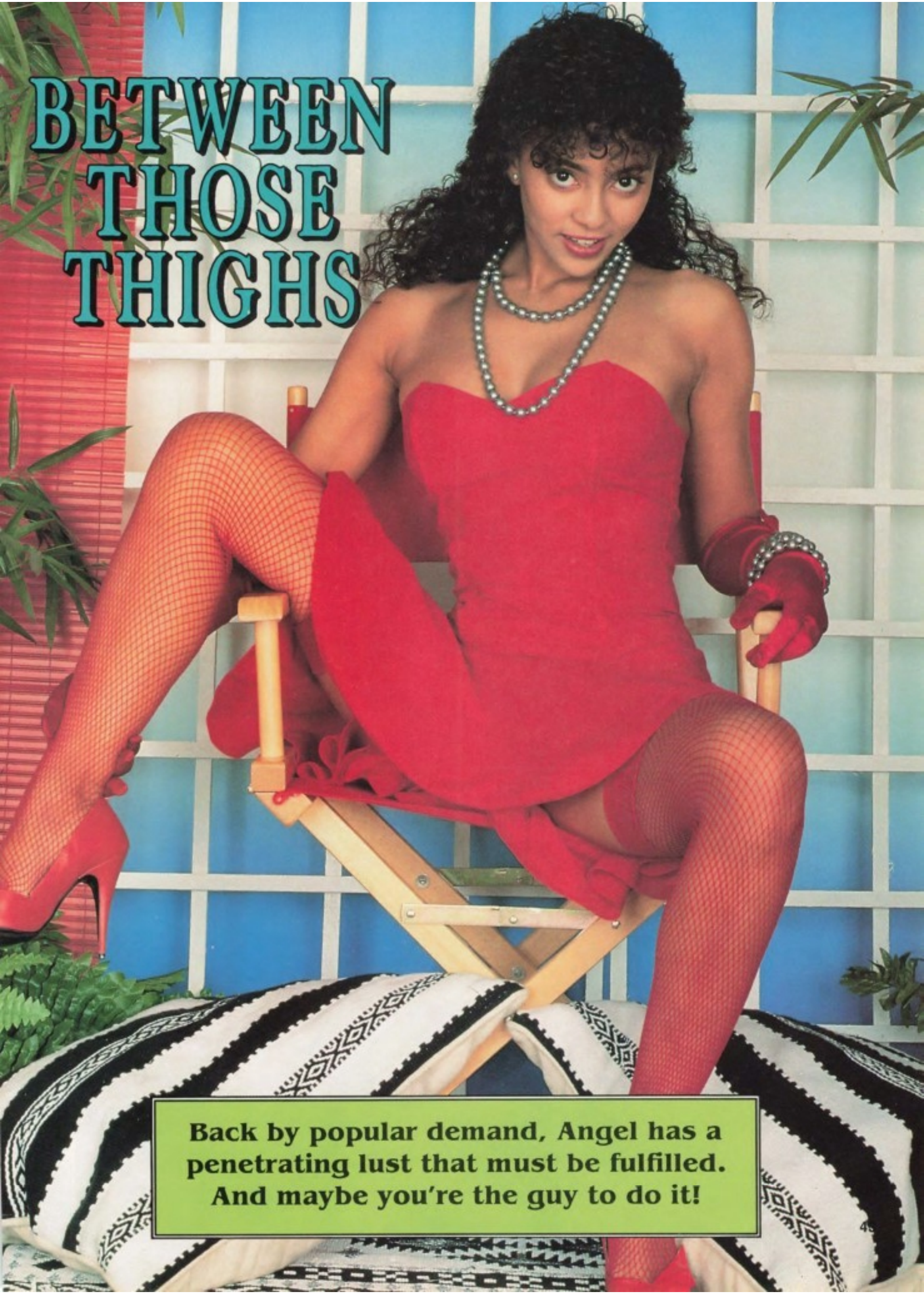
My cock, which was reaching for the sky, didn't feel all that "comfy". Like I said, I was aching for relief. Fortunately, none of the three ladies was inclined to tease. Storm straddled me quickly, her slim thighs gripping my muscular flanks as she situated her wet pussy on my hard dick. I expected the other women to protest and say things like, "What about me?" But they all seemed to have perfect faith in my ability to get hard again when it was their turn. In the meantime, Carol squatted with her shaved honey pot over my face so that I could lick it out while Lorraine lay down next to me and used my hand to rub herself between her damp legs.

Their three exquisite bodies were the perfect form of sensory overload—even more perfect than the most intricate forms of modern jazz. All our best music is still only a dim reflection of nature's earliest and best creation. Call it love, call it lust, it doesn't matter. Our hot blood pounded and our hot bodies swayed. We didn't need a backbeat to keep our private rhythm. Storm's slender thighs milked my cock for orgasm after orgasm with an athletic skill unusual in such a slim woman. Each time her pussy quivered, it gripped my shaft in the ultimate caress.

Yet Carol and Lorraine were right to be patient. When Storm finally brought me off and tumbled from my sweating body, I needed no more than a touch from Carol's shaved pussy to get me hard and ready again. When Carol had used me until she was screaming from the aftershocks of continual climax, then Lorraine climbed aboard for a record finish. Our bodies churned together tirelessly as we crested peak after exuberant peak.

Thanks to the lovely inspiration of certain jazz goddesses, I'm truly a performer, not just on stage but also with the ladies. "You're incredible, a fucking phenomenon," somebody told me later. Carol, Lorraine, or Storm? No, it was Delilah herself, who had returned for a reprise of our earlier encounter. We'd finally exceeded the legal limit of the dressing room. Intoxicated by the taste and smell of beautiful black women, I invited all four of them back to my hotel suite. It was going to be a record-setting weekend no matter what the club's attendance records showed.

BETWEEN THOSE THIGHS



Back by popular demand, Angel has a penetrating lust that must be fulfilled. And maybe you're the guy to do it!



**"Don't you think my mouth
is made for blow jobs? I love
sucking cock. Why don't you
let me go down on you?"**







AdultMagazinesPDF.com

Being in *Black Tail* was an exhilarating experience for Angel. "After my pictures came out, that's when all these movie offers started pouring in," she tells us. "It's amazing what just a little publicity can do."

Now Angel has to decide whether she wants to pursue an acting career seriously. "I'm still not sure," she says. "I guess I'm a spoiled brat. But I am having a good time. I'd hate to give this all up."

Spreading her voluptuous thighs for the camera, Angel flashes her gorgeous cunt. She giggles as she dips a finger inside. Yes, she's wet. Her gash is nice and juicy and she could use some fuck action right now.

The question is, are you ready to take on a sex kitten like Angel? If your cock is nice and hard now (which it should be), then you are!







When her red telephone with the unlisted phone number rings, Alana puts on her sexiest demeanor. A client is calling. An escort girl for the elite agency Alana works for must always sound intelligent, beautiful and hot all at the same time. The names of the men who pay for her services appear on the social register and in gossip columns around the world. They are the men women fantasize about, but it's Alana whose company they pay for. They are not buying sex—though Alana has fucked most of them. They are buying an image.

“And these men are the kinkiest I have ever known. Why, one of them, and you would be shocked if I told you who he is, has never touched my body, or any woman's. He has me drape a fur coat around my shoulders and, wearing that and only a pair of silver high heel shoes, I masturbate for him and fuck myself with a long, pink latex dildo. At the same time, he rubs his cock, though he never takes his love tool out of his pants. When I orgasm, groaning like a bitch in heat, the man cums in his pants. The wet spot is large and I often wish I could have all that jism in my body. When I cum on the dildo, it is for real!”





A woman with dark hair, wearing a light pink, short-sleeved dress, is lying on a bed with white and patterned pillows. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is resting on her right thigh. The background shows a patterned bedspread and a white pillow.

COCK TEASER

This gal enjoys being bad!

Anita admits being full of the devil. She says life's too short to allow it to be anything but fun. And Anita has the most fun when she's being bad. If a man tries to pin her down with anything else but his body—like a marriage proposal—“I’m outta there,” she says.

Anita won’t bother with men who won’t eat pussy. “That’s because I’m a great cocksucker, and fair’s fair,” she breathes in a sexy voice. Just the thought of oral sex makes her pussy moist, and while she talks, Anita rubs her luscious labes. “If a man wants a good time in bed, he’ll lick my slit until I’m dizzy. After ten or twelve orgasms, I’ll give him a fuck he’ll remember for the rest of his days.”

And when it comes to fucking, Anita likes to be on top. She says this gives her better control. “The longer I can keep my partner cumming, the more jizz he’s gonna give me. The bigger the squirt, the bigger the pleasure.”



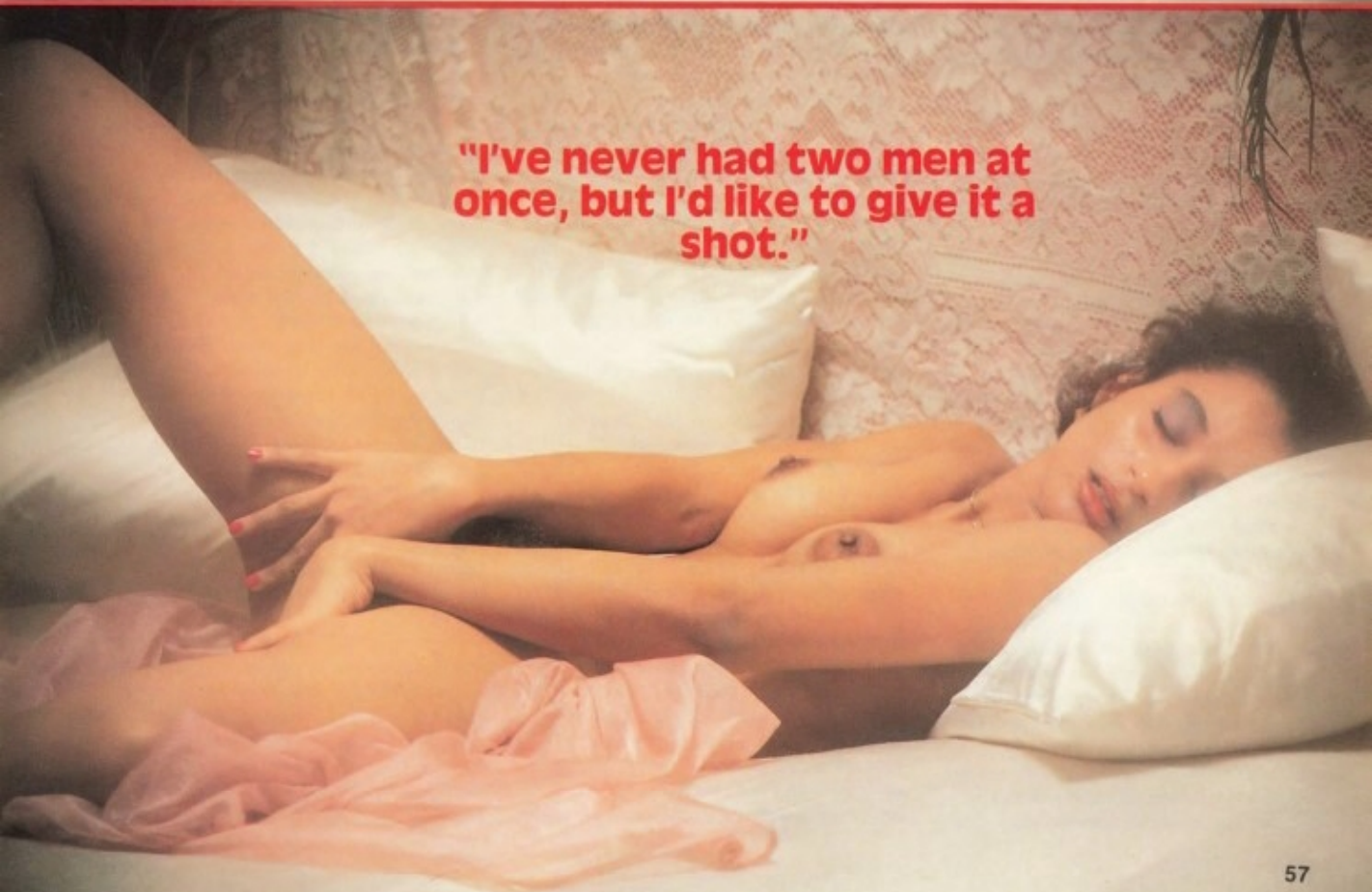
**"It's not enough to suck a
man's cock. A smart gal
sucks his balls, too!"**





**"I'm glad jizz isn't
fattening. I drink so much
of it."**





**"I've never had two men at
once, but I'd like to give it a
shot."**

ORGASMS FOR SALE

A keyhole glimpse into a black high-priced call girl's busy afternoon.

By Charlotte D.

Dark brown silk rustled over dark brown skin as I walked into the lavishly appointed hotel suite. The deep pile of the antique Persian carpet absorbed the normal click clack of my high-heeled alligator pumps. "The door was ajar," I said. "Were you getting anxious about me, boys?" I didn't let a hint or recognition enter my eyes when the man in the navy pinstripe suit turned toward me. Call girls, no matter how well compensated, aren't expected to recognize their city councilman.

The other man was a little more challenging for me to place. Our local newspaper isn't as diligent about publishing the exploits of black businessmen as it could be. When he handed me his gold card, however, I immediately recognized his name. Confident that his credit was good, I decided to phone in his authorization after the party. It had been almost an hour since he'd called my answering service and I think we were all eager to get into the action.

The councilman, who I will call Douglas (not his real name) pulled a bottle of champagne from a silver cooler. As he poured the bubbly into three French goblets, I turned the "Do Not Disturb" key in the doorknob and then undulated out of my buttoned silk dress. The only underwear I wore underneath my costly designer dress was an ebony garter belt that held up my black seamed stockings.

My chocolate pie was neatly framed by the dark straps of the garter belt while my legs were held at their most curvaceous stance by the high-heeled pumps I still wore. My exposed nipples crinkled up like raisins as I accepted a glass of champagne from Douglas.

I turned first toward the businessman, who I will call Ralph. Of course, I can't reveal his real name either. Anyway, I wanted to touch him first, since he was paying my rather substantial fee. So I sipped a little champagne and rolled the bubbly around in my mouth to freshen it up. Then I knelt in front of Ralph and used my lips to unbuckle his belt, unbutton his button and unzip his zipper. You don't get far in this business unless you have a talented mouth, and I'm proud to say that my generous, agile lips had never yet given anyone cause for complaint.

Ralph allowed me to slip his cock through his fly to where I could see it. I was keenly aware of the watching eyes of Douglas as I did so. All whores, whether upper crust call girls or down-and-out streetwalkers, are familiar with men who like to share you in order to cement some business agreement. My \$500 or so fee would be a minimal expense, probably tax deductible by the time Ralph convinced Douglas to award his firm a lucrative contract. But I didn't feel exploited. Not at all. I'd rather work two or three men than one crazy loner any day of the week. Nobody's going to do

something criminal to mess up his life in this town when he's about to pocket a few thousand easy dollars.

"You have an incredible mouth," Douglas commented. I heard his zipper come down and then the sound of falling clothes. He couldn't wait for me to strip him, not when he was watching me deep-throat his colleague's 9-inch cock.

Ralph was almost too big for me. Almost. During my three years of professional prostitution, I've become amazingly adept at sword-swallowing the most deliciously oversized organs. Most of the truly long cocks are fairly skinny, so it's usually just a matter of relaxing my throat enough to gulp down the entire rod. Ralph's cock, however, was quite fat around as well as being deliciously elongated. I had to stretch in two dimensions at once, my lips forming a wide O at the same time that my throat muscles fluttered. When the proud helmet of his deep-dicking hard-on brushed the top of my esophagus, I slightly before I caught myself. Fortunately, the spasms were just enough to pull Ralph's trigger.

"Angel, angel!" he grunted, his big hands reaching for my head. I felt heavy fingers sinking through my soft, recently relaxed hair. My throat spasmed again and then again, the soft tremors sucking Ralph's hot jism directly into my belly. I didn't really get to taste him that first time, because his long dick spewed right past



***“All my customers are
well-bred and wealthy. I
fantasize about sex with
grease monkeys and
construction workers.”***



my taste buds. On the other hand, I didn't lose so much as a single drop of his precious fluids. Ralph stood back amazed when he realized that I'd swallowed so well that I didn't have a circle of jism smeared on my full lips.

Douglas was now naked. I went to him immediately and knelt in front of his skyscraper prick. His fat chocolate candy bar wasn't quite as fat as Ralph's, but it was at least an inch longer. I moaned softly, exhaling so that hot air tickled his coarse black pubic forest. "You might be too big for me, baby," I teased.

"Oooh," he said. "Don't say that. I saw how you handled Ralph!"

My mouth puckered automatically and I slurped in the first two inches of hard, throbbing dick. I didn't want to deep-throat him just yet, because I didn't want to miss the taste of another wad of jism. So I concentrated my attentions on the last two inches of his tool, using my tongue to lick his knob, around and around until I found the most sensitive places. His dark thighs shivered against my cheeks as I titillated his eggplant-colored dickhead. At one point, he stumbled backward muttering something about how it felt too good to endure. That's when I grabbed his firm, muscular butt with both hands to hold him still.

There are women in this business who say that they don't enjoy their work. I say that you're in the wrong line of work if you can't get into a good blow job. As always, I was acutely aware that it was my mouth that was bringing this wealthy, important man to his maximum. He couldn't do what he did without me to help him blow off some of his tensions. Powerful black men have a tendency to work too hard for too long. That's why they need girls like me to remind them what pleasure really is.

As I suckled tenderly on Douglas' dick, I could see Ralph taking off the rest of his clothes. His cock was already hard again, which probably would have surprised his wife. But I've learned that mature men don't have much trouble getting it up again and again when something kinky is involved. After I blew off Douglas, I was going to try two men at once, and both of them already knew it. That's what they'd requested when they called my service.

The more I sampled that long, skinny licorice stick, the more I felt the sparkly twinges in my clitoris that told me that I needed some release of my own. I dropped one hand from Douglas' butt to my pussy and began to massage myself in time to the rhythm of my sucking. When Douglas abruptly went stiff all over, I hurriedly pressed that magic spot directly under my clitty pearl. Both of us came together, my hot cunt cream dripping

down to stain the carpet while his burning spunk surged across my sensitive tongue. This time, I had plenty of jism to roll around on my taste buds before I swallowed.

"Time for bed, boys," I murmured when I caught my breath. They nodded, unable to speak. Most men are silent for a few minutes after they watch me cum. They're trying to figure out if I'm for real, since whores have a reputation for faking it. When they understand that not even an Academy Award winning actress can make her nipples pop forward and her skin bead with sweat the way mine does after an orgasm, then they're truly impressed with my love for my chosen work.

The three of us tumbled together on the big, king-sized mattress. The fresh linens smelled of laundry soap and lavender, a clean fragrance that contrasted sharply with the musky sinfulness of the French perfume I'd dabbed between my tits. I rubbed into the sheets and into their skin, my body tingling each time I connected

The councilman watched and played with his cock as I sucked the wealthy businessman's jizz into my belly.

with the insistent flesh of a new hard-on. Douglas had returned to full steam even more quickly than Ralph had. They didn't need a great deal of cuddling and kissing to get hard. They simply enjoyed touching my smooth, soft body all over in order to make the juices pour from my pussy.

Over the years, I've learned several techniques for taking two men at once. My favorite, however, is the doggy-style position. Although I'm crammed in the middle of a meat sandwich, I'm not flat on my back or out of control. And I do like being an active participant in my own screwing. That's the least that a man should be able to expect from a dedicated whore!

So I soon guided the men into the right position. Going down on all fours, I bumped my chocolate brown ass backward until Ralph came around to kiss my firm cheeks. Then I flopped my wide lips open and closed like a kissing fish. Douglas smiled and came forward to squat in front of my mouth. When I took a deep breath and said, "Now," both men spiraled into me at once. Ralph's gifted tool went immediately for my plump, trembling pussy lips while Douglas returned to my warm, friendly mouth.

I feel sorry for women who aren't whores when I'm getting stuffed from both ends like that. How would an ordinary housewife ever get her husband to agree to such activities? And to think that I'm getting paid to live out so many women's fantasies! I felt so full and so sensual as I simultaneously sucked one cock and fucked another. My hips rotated almost as fast as my lips. Douglas groaned and Ralph sighed. Men have a macho thing of trying to stay silent during a raunchy fuck, but these two could no longer hold back. They both whimpered in pleasure as I writhed happily between them.

It takes experience for a woman to get the most satisfying possible orgasm from a doggy-style screwing. Fortunately, my occupation had provided me with plenty of such experiences. I knew precisely how to wiggle my fanny until I could feel it tingling against Ralph's belly. I knew exactly how to tilt my cunt until his cock couldn't help but press hard against my G spot. My mouth, of course, was up to its old tricks. Douglas gasped as I deep-throated his boner with the enthusiasm with which I'd gulped down Ralph's a few minutes earlier.

I came first. Maybe that isn't such a good idea sometimes when you're getting paid for sex. I've had men comment that maybe I should be paying them. But there comes a time in any whore's career when she must respect the demands of her own body. My cunt and mouth brought me a good living and they deserved a pleasurable existence in return. Besides, it was truly out of my hands. The thunderbolt of my extremely intense climax couldn't be stopped. They first thing I knew, I was spasming in frenzied circles in my throat and in my pussy. My body contracted between the two men, squeezing their cocks powerfully. They would have cum immediately if I hadn't already sucked them, so now they understood why I was so anxious to sell them a blow job before the main event!

I won't continue with a blow-by-blow accounting of the many orgasms I enjoyed that hot afternoon before the meeting between the two men was concluded. I'll simply say that a marvelous time was had by all... and that I didn't bother to mention the men's real names until right before I started to leave. They exchanged nervous glances and then laughed. "Don't worry, baby," said Ralph. "We'll be calling you again."

And, in fact, Douglas called me so soon after our encounter that his message to my answering service beat me home. Ralph managed to hold out for a full eighteen hours before giving me a buzz. Just two more satisfied customers for a black call girl's little black book!

NASTY CRAVINGS

**Yolanda has a filthy mind
and she acts on her
lusty thoughts!**

"I don't know where my nasty ideas come from... like when I was fucking my boyfriend and I suddenly had the desire for two cocks instead of one. 'Call up your buddy, Mike,' I said, surprising even myself. My man's cock jumped in my pussy and he reached for the phone. He'd always wanted to try a threesome and then, so did I. Let me tell you, that

was one hot time. I walked bowlegged for a week, but I did it with a smile."

Sometimes Yolanda craves lesbo sex. When she does, she gets it on with her best friend, Vicki.

And Yolanda likes to orgy. "Group gropes are the most! All those hands on my body and so many cocks to suck. I don't do it often, but when I do, I party till dawn!"

**"I hate to be rushed.
Foreplay is essential to
good sex!"**





**"There's no taming me. I'm
raunchy to the core!"**



***"Fuck me hard, or don't
fuck me at all!"***





DOMINIQUE SIMONE

Dominique Simone is the first new black female star on the X-rated scene in some time. An exceptionally pretty lady with an infectious, joyous laugh and a bubbly personality—making this one of the most enjoyable interviews we've ever done—she's been gaining notice not only from her many explicit performances, but also from her work in non-porn films and music videos. She's also starting to appear on the dance circuit, having recently completed a two-girl show with veteran star Mauvais DeNoir at San Francisco's Century Theater. Currently under contract to AFV Releasing, Dom's going to keep a steady flow of sexy flicks coming at her followers, and if you want to join her fan club write her care of Five K Sales, 9420 Reseda Blvd., #836, Northridge, CA 91324.

BLACK TAIL: How did you get in the business?

DOMINIQUE SIMONE: I started off doing print work, and then I was asked to do an amateur movie.

BT: Was it a solo scene, or were you with somebody else?

DS: I was with a guy. I don't remember the name of the movie. It was weird doing it, because I was really shy. But I got used to it after I started doing regular movies. Now it's just like a job to me, nothing really bothers me anymore.

BT: If somebody told you five years ago that you'd be a porn star today, what would you have said to them?

DS: No! (LAUGHS)

BT: What were you like five years ago? What's your background?

DS: I was a cheerleader in high school, and I worked really hard and was trying to get a scholarship so I could go to college. I was expecting to go to Howard University or UCLA majoring in business or something; I didn't expect to be a porno star...I hadn't even seen a porno before I got into the business...anyway, I had a partial scholarship to go to school here in California. I went to a fashion school, but really didn't like it, so I took a leave of absence and started doing some acting, some swimwear modeling, and that's how I ran into this guy

about the nude modeling.

BT: Given the fact that you were shy, was it hard to do nude work?

DS: Yeah. Now it's nothing to me, but when you're not used to taking off our clothes in front of someone and opening your legs and spreading yourself, you're gonna be a little nervous!

BT: You had to psyche yourself into doing it?

DS: Yeah, I just thought about the money. (LAUGHS)

BT: How long have you been in the business?

DS: A year and a half.

BT: What are some of your best movies?

DS: *Nothing Serious, Even More Dangerous, Black on White, Edward Penislands, Black Jack City, California Taxi Girls.*

BT: Who are some of your favorite male co-stars?

DS: Rocco Siffredi. I think he's just the perfect man. I like tall guys who are really well-built, guys that take really good care of themselves, and who dress nice—Rocco dresses in suits. I don't like guys that wear jeans and boots all the time.

BT: He's also very well-endowed—does that enter into it?

DS: Oh, yeah, I forgot that one! (LAUGHS) I shoulda said that first! Savin' the best for last! (A VERY HAPPY LAUGH)

BT: What's one of the wildest scenes you've done. I saw a scene in *Fanny Annie* where you had these three guys who were covered in cellophane and were like your harem—

DS: That was the first time I was with three guys in one scene. I always had something to do! (LAUGHS)

BT: What women have you enjoyed working with?

DS: Taylor Wane—she's a good friend of mine—I like Jeannie Pepper, and Alicyn Sterling. That's about it.

BT: Are you bisexual?

DS: Yes. When you're doing it a lot, you have to like it a little bit in order to even do it.

BT: Did you have lesbian experiences before you got into the movies?

DS: No. Never. The first girl I had a scene with was Alicyn

Sterling. I was nervous, but she was really pretty, so it really didn't matter to me.

BT: What kind of women do you like?

DS: I don't like the butch-looking types; I like the really pretty women. I like exotic-looking women, I like Oriental girls, I like blondes. But I haven't been with too many black girls; there aren't too many in the business.

BT: How does it feel being the first new black woman star in years?

DS: I've changed a lot since I first got in. I had my boobs done, I had a nose job, and I guess I'm sort of different. People tell me, "You're black, but you're not like the typical black girl." And when they're looking for girls to go on boxes, they want you to have long hair, the white features; I think the people in this business are really prejudiced. They can't put you on some cable channel because they're wondering what the people in the south are going to think about a black person and a white person together. Now that I'm under contract, I don't care too much, but I've run into a lot of prejudice.

BT: Do you feel it hurt your career for a long time?

DS: Yeah. I see these blondes come in the business, and they make it in a month. And I've been in the business for a year and a half, and people are just beginning to know who I am. You don't have to be blonde with blue eyes to be pretty. I've seen a lot of beautiful black girls that blow these blondes away, and it's much harder for a black male to make it in this business. There's a black guy, Sean Michaels, he's doing movies, and he's trying to give the minorities work. And you find when you're black they want to put you in these stereotypical movies like *Black Girls With Pink Pussies*, and I don't really like stuff like that. But now I'm starting to get some really good box covers, and my career's going pretty well.

BT: Why did you have a boob and nose job?

DS: I noticed flaws in some of my photographs and I wanted to improve myself. But I didn't do it because I wanted to look white. I don't want to be like one of the Jacksons.

Porn's newest black star speaks to *Black Tail*.

Interview by Irv O. Neil





BT: What are your measurements now that you've had the boob work?

DS: I just had them done again, so I'm 34DD-23-34. And I'm 5'5".

BT: Now that you're under contract to AFV, what's your latest picture for them?

DS: *Vice 2*. And I just did a movie for Video Team called *Black Jack City*, and it's really cool. One of the best boxes I've done: I'm in red leather on a red Ferrari. I'm excited about that one because I think it's going to do really well. I did a movie for them before called *Black on White*, and it was a really pretty black and white box, and it's selling like crazy.

BT: Is *Black Jack City* a gangster movie?

DS: Yeah. It was really cool, because I'm an actress, you know? I took acting, and right now I'm pursuing my acting career. I'm doing a lot of stuff in the straight industry, so I like doing movies where I can be myself, where I can show that I can really act. I don't like doing the porno movies where it's like the pizza man shows up and you say, "Wow, I don't have any money but I have something else!" (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY) I don't like doing those movies. So in this one, I got to really act. It has good sets and dialogue. I did a girl-girl scene, and a catfight in a parking lot with this new girl Melanie Moore. Looked pretty real. And I did a scene with Sikki Nixx that was really cool, because he had never been with a black girl before, so the whole time we were doing it he kept slopping himself; he didn't want to come! It was really funny!

BT: Do your scenes reflect your own sexuality? Do you really get into them?

DS: Well, I was dating T.T. Boy for a year, and when we did scenes together it was just like being at home, because I was used to him. But as far as my other scenes, I guess I'm probably a little wilder when I'm off-screen.

BT: You're very vocal in your scenes, moaning—

DS: Yeah, I always moan. I can't just lay there. That's just natural, that's not acting. I love sex, it feels so good, I

have to say AHHHHHHH! (LAUGHS)

BT: Why did you break up with T.T.?

DS: It was the business. After I came back from getting my surgery, I was getting tons of work, and T.T. would get really jealous and possessive that his best friend might be fucking his girlfriend. We fought a lot, and the year that we were together was pretty rough. He was with two girls a day, he worked every day, but you know, guys are different with their women, it's like—"I can do it, but you can't."

BT: I heard you're now involved with Woody Long, Sandra Scream's ex.

DS: I was. I still see him some, he's a good fuck (WICKED, MISCHIEVOUS LAUGH), and a pretty nice guy. But like I said, it's hard to maintain a relationship in this business.

BT: What about white guys and black guys—how do they compare as porn stars, as on-screen lovers?

DS: I've worked with Sean Michaels a lot, and I've worked with F.M. Bradley—

BT: Field Marshal Bradley! Haven't heard his name in a long time.

DS: He came back to do this movie with me for Angel Kelly, *Even More Dangerous*, and it was a good scene

"I always moan. I can't just lay there...I love sex, it feels so good, I have to say AHHHHHHH!"

because he picked me up and carried me around and fucked me, turning me upside down like a little doll. But getting back to your question, I find that I date mostly white guys, not because I don't like black guys; it's just because—I'm from Atlanta, Georgia, and I'm used to finding a lot of really dassy black guys, they're business-minded, and Sean Michaels, he's like the perfect guy. But we're just friends. If I dated a black guy, it would be him. But I really don't notice the difference between black guys and white guys, because I've been with some really good white guys, you know? So either off-screen or on-

screen, they're pretty much the same.

BT: What's your friendship with Sean Michaels like?

DS: We try to stick together. But a lot of people have tried to break up our friendship. It was just this little situation, something that he really didn't say, you know what I mean? There are a lot of people that like to see blacks fight against each other. And it was a really big hassle, but what they said he said, he didn't really say. So we're always going to be friends, you know? We were seeing each other when I first got in the business, and then we just decided to be friends because he saw that I was new and young and confused, and so he felt as if it would be better that we were friends, and he led me in the right direction.

BT: You say you're wilder off-screen than on. What kinds of stuff do you do off-camera?

DS: When there are five people standing over you, a make-up person, cameraman, you can't really give it your all, you can't really get into it like you would at home. Nobody's real sex is like it is on-camera. I guess at home...I like to be a little more kinky. I love guys to talk dirty to me, and the guys in the movies really don't do that, because they don't really know what to say.

BT: What's your favorite position?

DS: Cowgirl, when I'm on top—because I have control. I like to have control.

BT: Control of the man?

DS: Yessss...

BT: It's a good view, too, I guess, looking down...

DS: (LAUGHS)

BT: What about oral sex?

DS: I love giving blow jobs. Pretty good at it, too! (LAUGHS)

BT: What's your secret of success with blowjobs?

DS: I don't really have a technique; it's just that I've been doing it for so long, you know? I've had a lot of practice. (LAUGHS)

BT: Do you like it when guys go down on you?

DS: I like that, too, if they know how to do it right. (LAUGHS)

BT: Are there any fantasies you'd like to fulfill in a movie scene?

DS: Yeah, there is one. I would like to do a scene with



Rocco, Sean Michaels, Jon Dough, Randy Spears, and Peter North! Wow! (A BURST OF HAPPY LAUGHTER)

BT: That's about a mile of dick you'd have there.

DS: Two in my hands, one in my mouth, one in my pussy, and one to spare!

BT: Have you ever been with that many people?

DS: I've been in a foursome.

BT: Are you really into group sex?

DS: No, but I thought that scene would be cool.

BT: Have you worked with all of those guys individually?

DS: I've never worked with Randy Spears, 'cause he's married. But I worked with Peter North on a still shoot, and it was hot.

BT: Was he able to control himself?

DS: No! We couldn't stop having sex! (LAUGHS) I like the way he cums, he cums a lot. But I've never done a scene with him on-screen—I would love to. Somebody please put me in a movie with him!

BT: When you did the still shoot, did he cum?

DS: Oh yeah. It was hardcore, for Germany.

BT: Do you hang out with a lot of porn stars?

DS: No, not really. I'm also doing music videos, I work with a rap group in New York, I'm doing a lot of regular stuff, so I try to keep distant from porn when I pursue my other things. I don't try to mix it together. I talk to Leanna Fxxx, I talk to Taylor Wayne sometimes.

BT: Where do you see yourself three or four years from now?

DS: I expect to be doing my regular acting. It's going pretty well right now, I'm just doing so much stuff—I do ring girl stuff for boxing—so I'm doing pretty well. I don't expect to be in this business for ten years. Probably for another year.

BT: What do you think an ideal "black" porn flick would be like?

DS: You mean with all blacks?

BT: Or something that would typify a black attitude towards sex.

DS: I don't think there is a black attitude towards sex, really. I think all sex is the same. It is with me. But I think if they put Jeannie Pepper and Sean Michaels and Angel Kelly and all of us together it would be a really good fuckin' movie, you know? (LAUGHS) What I can say

"Blondes comes into the business and they make it in a month...You don't have to be blonde with blue eyes to be pretty."

is that black girls get into sex more than the white girls—I think so. Because I've seen some scenes with some of these girls who are considered really big stars, and they're not really good scenes, they just lay there. I've seen some of Angel Kelly's scenes and she really gets into hers...so I think that would really be a cool movie. I've never been in a movie with a lot of blacks.

BT: It would be interesting to see a real black porn film, an equivalent of the mainstream movies Hollywood is making now.

DS: It would probably do very well, because there are a lot of black guys out there that want to see black women, and they're tired of seeing these black girls with white

guys.

BT: What are you like away from the limelight?

DS: When I'm at home, I'm like a tomboy; I wear my little jean shorts, baseball hat, my hair in a ponytail, and my friends call me Janet, as in Jackson. People really don't recognize me from the movies, unless it's a true porno fan, you know? When I go on straight auditions, they don't put it together, because I don't look anything like I do in the movies. I like that, because off-camera I hardly wear any make-up, so these guys look at me and they think I'm this innocent girl and haven't done anything. Little do they know that I know how to do it! (A BURST OF LAUGHTER)

BT: What about your folks? Do they know about your career?

DS: No. I guess they'll find out pretty soon, if I do something like *The Howard Stern Show*. But my grandmother is in Georgia, she doesn't have cable, she doesn't watch porn. My mother doesn't watch porn—she's in West Virginia—and she doesn't go into adult bookstores, so I don't think she would ever find out. Unless someone sees me in a magazine and it says "porn star". But my mother knows about the magazine stuff.

BT: What was her reaction?

DS: She really didn't like it too much, because she feels I should be in college. But I chose to do what I'm doing for now, so they'll just have to accept it.

BT: Do you worry about AIDS?

DS: No, I don't really worry about that. Everybody's getting tested now; it's like a rule with Jim Southie, the agent.

BT: What do you do when you're not working?

DS: I watch a lot of TV, and I love going to the movies. I go around to the strip bars here and watch the professional dancers, because I pick up certain things. I pick up tips about costumes, personality, and the different numbers. You have to be pretty versatile in this business. I can't get up there and dance to all black music.

BT: You sound methodical and organized, very serious about planning things out.

DS: I try to be, because I know it's harder for me to make it than it is for other girls. I have to work a little bit harder.

BT: You say you watch a lot of TV. Did you watch the Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill hearings? What was your take on that?

DS: I don't believe her. Because I know there are a lot of guys out there that cheat on their wives, and I think that maybe they had an affair, and he broke it off, and she's trying to get revenge. If it happened years ago, why come out with it now? Why didn't she do it years ago? Why ask somebody to speak at your school or at your class when you have no respect for him? I really don't believe her. I know that women can be very vindictive; I've been that way myself...and I think it's just a revenge thing.

BT: How did you come up with your stage name? It's a nice one.

DS: Eddie Murphy had this movie out called *Harlem Nights*, and one of the characters was named Dominique LaRue. So I got my first name from that, and there's this girl on *The Cosby Show*, Raven Symone, and I got my last name from that.

BT: Well, Dominique, it sounds like you're doing well for yourself.

DS: I'm trying to!



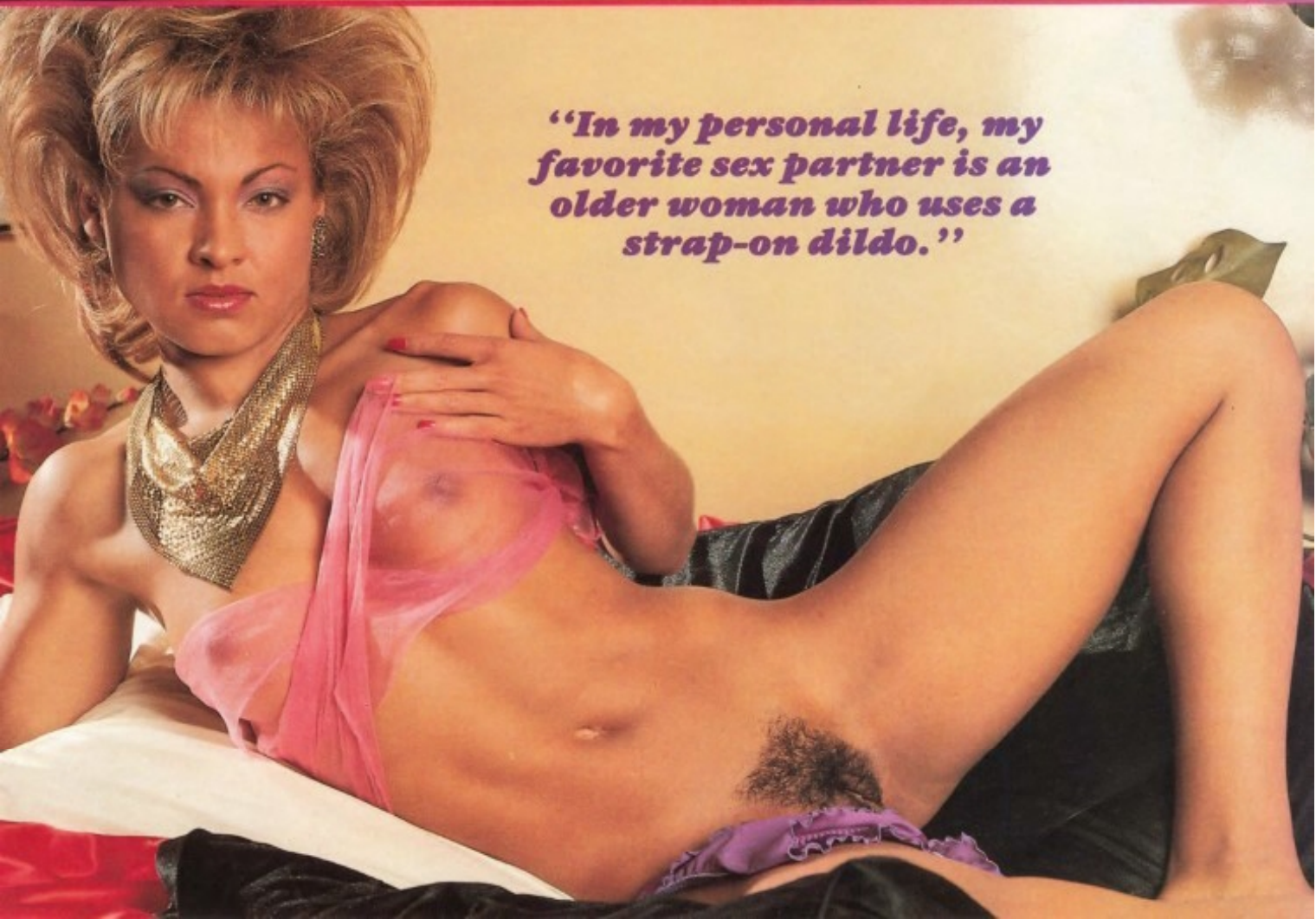
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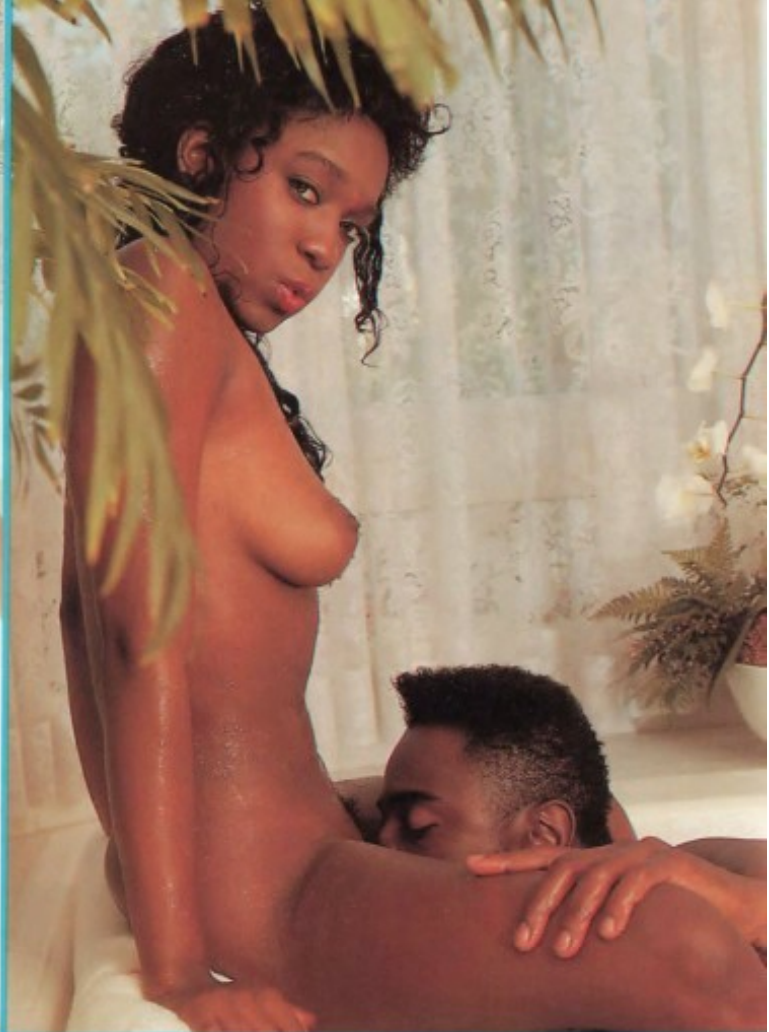


PRINCE OF PRICKS



“In my personal life, my favorite sex partner is an older woman who uses a strap-on dildo.”







"Can you really suck every last inch of me, honey?"





*"Turn around, baby. I'm doing
you doggy-style!"*







"I love getting into a sweet, warm pussy. Nothing feels better." 75

WHACK-OFF WENCH



Saucy, sexy Tiffany is one fantasy cum true. She loves doing slutty things and if she can't find cock, she'll diddle herself to an orgasm.

"I use my finger, my tongue, my mouth," says Tiffany as she explains her sexual routine. "I've always been very athletic and I also happen to be double-jointed."

"It's real easy for me to suck on my own nipples. The first time I tried it, I did it on a dare from a boyfriend. Now I do it all the time, because it feels so good!"

"Of course, there's nothing like being with a real live man," says Tiffany. "But if I'm stuck without a date, I don't get all uptight. I just make sure that I take care of myself."

Eyes closed, Tiffany caresses her breasts, lingering at her large dark nipples. They're very sensitive to the touch of her fingertips, more so to the warmth imparted by her tongue when she lustily licks them.

"I'm always in the mood to fuck," admits Tiffany with a throaty laugh. "Sometimes I wonder if I'm an insatiable nymph who can't get enough. I like to cum at least once every day. And if my man isn't available, then I take care of business." She winks. "I always know the right moves to make. I'm very well aware of how my body functions, even to just how many strokes I need to give my clit to get off."

When she's not down for the count, fingering herself to a froth, Tiffany likes to talk dirty on the phone to her boyfriend. "We both play with ourselves and talk our way through till we cum—usually at the same time."

Now that you know Tiffany's story, don't you want to whack off yourself right now? Bet you do!

Tiffany loves licking her tits and pleasuring her own twat. And we'll let you watch her do it!



**"My pussy needs action—
nine inches thrust in deep!"**







***“I never masturbate unless
it’s for a client.”***





**"When I
masturbate, I
can finger
myself to a
froth!"**

THE LUST CONNECTION



Since she got her breasts enlarged, Charisma wants more, more, more of her new guy!

A super sensational chick, Charisma was gorgeous before she had her breasts made bigger. Now she's absolutely outrageous. She's happy that she changed her look. "Mainly because I have a lot more self-confidence now," she says. "If I didn't feel so good about myself, I don't think I'd ever be able to land a super stud like Frank. He is fantastic!"

These two can't ever seem to get enough of each other. "I keep him busy in the bedroom," Charisma says. Then she laughs. "That's not to say that we don't fuck all over the place. Frank's a wild man. He thinks nothing of making love anywhere—even on the kitchen floor!"

The heat of their mutual passion is so thick you can almost cut it with a knife. Charisma has an incredible hunger for her new man. "If he's not fucking me every night, I can't take it."

Frank provides stud service with a smile. There's plenty to explore and enjoy with Charisma. And he's crazy about the fact that she's had her breasts enlarged. "Yeah," he agrees, "big is better. I love playing with those enormous mams."

"Now my nipples are even more sensitive," Charisma explains. "And I love when Frank sucks on them. Sometimes I can cum just from that."

This summer Charisma and Frank plan on taking a trip to a nude beach in Jamaica. "I want to show her off," Frank says proudly.

"And I'd love to cum in the sun," teases Charisma as she reaches out for Frank's cock. "I'm glad this big thing can travel with you wherever we go!"



"Let me see, what should I suck first—your cock or your balls?"







**"I've got a passion for
prick, especially
Frank's. It's so nice and
big and fuckable!"**







**"Uhm, do that
again. I love
getting fucked
doggy-style!"**

